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SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 1910.

One on the Speaker.

And so they have winged their "Uncle
Joe" at last, and the House itself will
assume the duty of naming its committee
to investigate the Ballinger-Pinchot
controversy, instead of leaving the choice
to the Speaker's discretion.

In all the circumstances, we should say
that this is entirely proper. We have long
contended that the majority of the House
is the master of the House, and entitled
to direct its affairs in its own way.
Whether it elects to do that through
one man—the Speaker—through a few
men, or en masse, in the final analysis
amounts to the same thing. The majority
may choose its own methods of
procedure, and no man may rightfully
say it may.

From a purely party point of view,
there would appear to be an element of
danger in a majority control that de-
pends for its efficiency on a combination
of the opposition and dissenters from the
ranks of the regulars. With this phase
of the question, however, the general
public has no supreme concern. Pri-
marily, all the people ask of Congress
is satisfactory results, just laws, equitable
findings. In the Ballinger-Pinchot
business, all the people desire, actually,
is that the truth may be established;
they care precious little whether that
truth comes through a committee selected
by Mr. Cannon or by the entire House
of Representatives, just so it comes.

The fact that the House voted to divest
the Speaker of authority to name this
investigating committee shows that the
House can divest him of every iota of
authority, if it chooses. It can reduce him
from alleged Czarship to the most abject
vassalage; which is why we have pleaded
so persistently heretofore that this thing
called "Cannonomism" is nothing, has been
nothing, and can be nothing more than
concentrated majority control exercised
in a manner prescribed by that majority.

Whatever comes of the investigation, it
cannot now be said—if the House sugges-
tion prevails—that the Speaker "packed
the jury" or "framed up a whitewash." A
pro-Ballinger verdict would have
brought forth that contention, in all proba-
bility, an anti-Ballinger verdict proba-
bly would have been held by some pa-
triot to convict the Speaker of down-
right larceny in the premises. Therefore,
the leaving of the Speaker out of it,
whether justly or unjustly, will most
likely serve to clarify the atmosphere
to an extent, and what we want in the
Ballinger-Pinchot dispute, if we can get
it, is a verdict that is not only the truth,
but may not be attacked in any quarter.

We think it is going to be interesting
to observe the election of this commit-
tee and to consider the selectees. We do
not want a committee from the House as
a whole that will be open to adverse
criticism, any more than we might have
wanted such a committee from an isolated
"Uncle Joe." If that committee is to be
a creation of Democrats and insurgent
Republicans, let us hope our good friends,
the Democrats, will seek to obtain no
undue partisan advantage anywhere
along the line. Let them rise to the
demands of pure and undefiled patrio-
tism, as surely the insurgents must do,
and proclaim a committee that may not
be in any apparent degree of righteous-
ness the victim of carping critics, muck-
rakers, highwaymen, politicians, or un-
desirable citizens of any name or nature
whatsoever. Or, in other words, perhaps
not so elegant, we are moved to hope
that the Democrats will not be guilty of
assisting in even an alleged effort to
swap a Ballinger devil for a Pinchot
witch.

Just what the Republican elephant is
going to think of all this is, as we
say heretofore, of course, another
story.

The Suffragette Attire.

What shall the suffragette wear? With
what outward costume shall she pro-
claim the faith and the militantism that
are within? What shall be the fashion of
aggressive feminism? These are ques-
tions peculiarly pertinent in England,
where women have always affected an
active part in parliamentary campaigns,
even unto such extravagances as that
of the duchess who bestowed kisses for
votes. In that land of grimly contrasted
aristocracy and proletariat, the feminine
patriots have displayed upon the hustings
their most gorgeous costumes. Bewitch-
ingly clad, they have made solicitous calls
at humble cottages and duly kissed be-
tween cups of tea, the voters' babies.
But thus far the warring suffragettes
have put on the armor of plain or even
rough attire. They have subordinated
adornment to utility, perhaps not because
they loved fashion less, but because they
regarded more the importance of fit
preparation for rough encounters with
ruthless policemen and the hazards of
surprised entrances into the House of
Commons or other forbidden or hostile
places.

The purpose hitherto has been to cap-
tivate man; but now the avowed purpose
is to conquer him. Some symbolic armor

is needed. There must be suffragette
colors and costumes. There have been
some suggestions that seem even at this
distance fearsome; for instance, that of
a Roman tunic, short-skirted, with a
kind of amazonian cut buttoned on one
side. With appropriate trimming, the
effect is described as "quite smart." Thus
it appears that the eternal and essential
quality of the effect upon the masculine
eye survives the rude shock of politics.
Here is presented a problem that perhaps
the man milliners and couturiers are best
equipped to solve. It is a task that
might have puzzled the skilled armorers
of feudal chivalry.

Commerce and Trusts.

There is little that is novel, and there is
the distinct quality of conservatism, in
the message of the President upon interstate
commerce and the treatment of the
trusts. The proposal that invites the
most immediate consideration is that to
establish a commerce court, to have ju-
risdiction of questions arising from the
orders of the Interstate Commerce Com-
mission. More regulation is likely to mean
more litigation; and even now there is
complaint of delay in disposing of cases.
A special court could act with more ex-
pedition, and it seems reasonable to as-
sume that its members would acquire a
particular familiarity with the questions
at issue, thus tending to increased uni-
formity of decisions and to the establish-
ment of precedents for future guidance.
Their activity would be increased if, as
proposed, they be made available for
duty upon the circuit bench.

The suggestion that railways be per-
mitted to make agreements as to rates
and classification, subject to the approval
of the commission, would have the effect
of making open and legitimate a method
which, while more or less clandestine, is
regarded by railway executives as a prac-
tical necessity, in order to avoid friction
and conflict. To make such agreements
legitimate seems desirable as a protection
against deception or evasion. There seems
no reason against granting the commis-
sion power to take up questions as to
rates without the filing of formal com-
plaints. But the railway managers will
claim that they are most competent to
judge when rates are fair and reasonable,
and that an outside authority should be
called in only to pass upon disputes that
involve the hearing of two sides. To give
the shipper the right to select routes seems
likely to facilitate traffic, provided it be
insisted that no discrimination be shown.

More serious is the proposal to permit
the issue of obligations by railway cor-
porations only with the approval of the
commission. This may raise a question
between State and Federal authority. As
to the anti-trust law, the President ab-
stains from advising its amendment. In-
stead, his recommendation of a Federal
incorporation law for combinations of
capital engaged in interstate commerce
will doubtless receive careful considera-
tion and debate before action.

An official charged by the Atlanta
Georgian with malfeasance in office re-
plies by saying the editor of the Georgian
is "a conceited ass" and an "imported
Yankee." And yet, somehow, that does
not impress an innocent bystander as
much of an answer.

An enterprising newspaper correspond-
ent finds that Mr. Atch and Mr. Roosevelt
are at daggers' points because of a
certain civil war incident. This sugges-
tion is so clever that one is tempted to
suspect it may be quite as true as the
other current T-Roosevelt stories of the
vendetta variety.

"Had Lee lived, he might have walked
through Statuary Hall every day on his
way to the Senate," says the Chicago
Post. Of course. And yet it would seem
that he might have inclined to enter the
Capitol through the Senate wing—occasionally,
anyway.

If there really is a pie trust in this
country, the Republican party will have a
hard time proving an alibi.

It is not that the slipping up Wednesday
was so disconcerting as that the sitting
down was so jarring.

There are said to be 1,500,000 eggs in
cold storage in this country. It is enough
to make the hens go on strike indefinitely.

"Still, since the insurgents are fighting
for principles, they might be willing to
let the offices go," says the Pittsburgh Dis-
patch. Not and hold on to their jobs in
Washington, probably.

The Big Stick may have been a trifle
dusty, but it seemed to be in fairly good
working order, nevertheless.

Cincinnati boasts that it spends more
money per capita than Cleveland does.
It costs more to have a good time in
Cincinnati than it does in Cleveland,
probably.

O. Henry was arrested for exploding
a blank cartridge in Atlanta recently.
Not "O." the short-story man, however,
but "O." the short-story man, never ex-
ploded a blank cartridge in his life.

For the present Mr. Morse simply will
be known as No. 234. That, in all the
circumstances, however, ought to be
fairly satisfactory, so far as it goes.

Archbishop Ireland says the late King
Leopold "has been greatly maligned."
And that should give us pause, for two
reasons—first, because many a good man
has; second, because Archbishop Ireland
says it.

If Mars really has a dozen or so
canals, we shudder to think what the
poor ultimate consumers of that planet
have to stand for in the way of being
down-trodden.

An English policeman was killed by a
bunch of suffragettes recently. Well,
well! Perhaps those female persons
would make pretty good football players.

Herald. Still, the average man can hardly
be expected to carry the family Bible in
his trousers pocket.

That clever fellow, F. P. A. of the
New York Mail, thrusts the "pote" of
The Washington Herald into the near-
rhythms club for mixing up "gone" with
"morn." Oh, well; we do not care. Associa-
tion with Miss Euphemia Heamans
Simpson will be pleasant enough, heaven
knows!

For the benefit of Col. George M. Bal-
ley we quote: From the South Bend Tri-
bune, "Looks like the St. Joseph County
Democrats handed something to Bechtel,"
from Tom Watson's Jeffersonian, "It
began to look like Leopold never was
going to die."

Well, well! So they have winged your
"Uncle Joe," eh? Now, if they can only
keep him winged!

If Dr. Cook feels the need of a little
outdoor exercise, right now, while the
Pinchot-Ballinger row is hot, would be
a good time for him to get it. Nobody
would take time to notice him.

Sort of an "I don't want to fight, but
by Jingo, if I do" party is President Taft,
maybe!

Halley's comet comes around every sev-
enty-five years only, which is about as
often as the Democrats win the Presi-
dency, anyway.

The appearance of Halley's comet proba-
bly will chase a lot of oldest inhabitants
out of their lairs, and we confidently ex-
pect to learn that it is not what it used
to be.

According to the Topika Capital, knowl-
edges as large as Pinchot's eggs fell in that
town on January 5. Either that, or some-
body fell off the water wagon, in all
probability.

The population of France is gradually
decreasing, and the number of doctors is
gradually increasing. He would be a
mean man who would say anything about
cause and effect in this connection, how-
ever.

"We notice that a Kentuckian has in-
vented perpetual motion again," says the
Rochester Herald. Let's see; is not the
invention of perpetual motion a sort of
perpetual motion itself?

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Mr. Pinchot's Allice.
From the Chicago Evening Post.
Unexpectedly Mr. Pinchot's wife's woman
allies with you, but he holds them from a safe dis-
tance and a carefully selected position of isolation.

Mr. Knox and Arbitration.
From the Boston Herald.
Secretary Knox is adhering to the policies of
Moses, Hay and Root in promoting the cause of
arbitration as a method of settling international
differences.

Mr. Aldrich and the West.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.
Senator Aldrich is credited with a desire to do
something to stop the people of the Middle West
from leaving the hands of the President's
Eastern Senators out here, even at the expense
of the public.

The President and Trusts.
From the New York Evening Post.
The thing to do with the anti-trust act, ac-
cording to the President's message to Congress, is
to let it alone. He frankly states that he had thought
of recommending certain changes in the law, but
has come to the conclusion that none is necessary.

Mr. Wickesham's Decision.
From the New York Globe.
But, says the Attorney General, the courts have
held that the inhibition only applies to the presen-
tation of claims for money; that the Cunningham
claims related to the patenting of land, and that,
therefore, the appearance of Mr. Ballinger was not
unlawful.

Mr. Mann and the Isthmus.
From the Providence Journal.
Mr. Mann's bill for the abolition of the canal
commission and the judgment of every sort of power
on the isthmus in the hands of the President gave
the Democrats an excellent chance to protest, though
rarely, against what certainly is in theory a re-
markable concentration of authority.

Mr. Wilson on Prices.
From the Chattanooga Times.
Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agricul-
ture, asked as to who is getting the advantage of
the exorbitant prices of foodstuffs now prevailing,
said: "The farmer isn't getting it, but somebody
else is." We know that the consumer isn't; then
can anybody guess who is getting it?

Mr. Roosevelt's Attitude.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Theodore Roosevelt would have a half-dozen cor-
porations tread in the White House yard and stand
under the tree making more noise than a half-
dozen "coon dogs" to divert attention from the
major issue. But when the question of protection
was held up as a diversion, as President Taft
Speaker Cannon, or Senator Aldrich.

Mr. Bryan's Successor.
From the Springfield Republican.
Possibly Mr. Bryan has left the country for a
prolonged tour in order to give his successor ample
opportunity to win his way into the Democratic
leadership. But who is that successor? Is it the
Democratic power in the hands of Mr. Harmon, him-
self an eminent lawyer, who takes sharp issue with
Gov. Hughes regarding the income tax amendment?

THE TEAR.

When friendship or love or sympathy moves,
When truth in its glance only appears,
The lip may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the best of affection's a tear.

To tell of a smile and the hypocrite's wife
To make distinction of fear;
Give me the soft sigh, when the well-telling eye
Is dimmed for a time with a tear.

Mild charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear,
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a tear.

The man don't sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to coast,
As he bends over the wreck which may soon be his grave
The green sparkles bright with a tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wealth
In glory's romantic career,
But he takes the risk in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a tear.

If with high-blown pride he return to his bride,
Renouncing the green-eyed maid,
All his life is repaid, when, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses a tear.

Sweet some of my youth, seat of friendship and love,
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last look I
Turned,
But thy spirit was scarce seen through a tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,
My Mary to love once so dear,
In the shade of her lover I remember the hour
She rewarded those vows with a tear.

By another's power, may she live ever blest!
Her name still my heart must haunt;
With a sigh I sigh what I once thought was
Mine,
And forgive her death with a tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most dear:
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a tear.

When my soul wings its flight to the regions of
night,
And my corpse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
Oh, register their dust with a tear!

May no marble border the splendor of woe,
Which the children of wailing rear,
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
All I ask—all I wish—is a tear.

—Lord Byron.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

PLAIN FACTS.
If orchids cost a dime a bunch,
They'd peddle slow.
And cut-rate terrapin for lunch
Would never go.

But orchids at a dollar each
Are in demand.
And terrapin beyond our reach
Seems simply grand.

I merely state the simple truth:
"Oh, let that suffice."
I guess the merit oft, forsooth,
Lies in the price.

"I marked a dollar once and put it into
circulation. I got it back in about a
week."

"Yes; it works that way sometimes.
I tried it once with a Christmas cigar."

In 1950.
"Father, how is it I never hear you
mention the songs of your early days?"
"I dunno."
"Had they no songs then?"
"Oh, yes. They had one called 'Be-
della' and another entitled 'Annie
Rooney.' I believe."

Wayside Notes.
"A feller wunst gave me a frock coat
and a plug hat."
"Dat's nuttin'." A feller wunst gave
me an old automobile.

Getting Withered.
Hope springs eternal here below,
—As you can bet.
Some damsel have the mistletoe
Suspended yet.

Another Expedition.
"Why are you going to the arctic
regions?"
"I, a certain explorer said he named
an island for me. I want to see if it's
there."

Could Comprehend.
"They say the Czar's enormous ex-
penditures baffle imagination."
"Oh, I don't know. I spent sixty dol-
lars for Christmas."

Often Happens.
Some quarrel with their bread and but-
ter, and even try to think up caustic
things to utter about their pie.

WAR-TIME BURNINGS.
Sometimes Essential to Mitigate
Savagery of Warfare.
From the Chattanooga Times.
The burning of Chambersburg was a
"retail" measure. Such measures are
essential in warfare. Otherwise war would
be worse than it is.

That "war is hell" is a vivid fact as
illustrated by Gen. Sherman. It was not
that in the Cumberland Valley in 1863
when Gen. Lee's army marched through
and back.

After the burning of Chambersburg
there was no more burning in the valley.
Gen. Chamberlain's account of Mosby's men
at Aldie. Mosby then hung some of
Custer's men, and the hanging ceased. If
there had not been reprisal in both cases
the burnings and hangings would have
gone on to the everlasting disgrace of
the United States as a nation.

Sheridan commenced it. Not quoting
from any Southern statement, the follow-
ing from Bache's "Life of Gen. George
G. Meade, Commander of the Army of
the Potomac," published by H. T. Coates
& Co., is given: "On February 27, 1863,
Sheridan moved up the valley of the
Shenandoah with his cavalry. . . .
There was one blot upon his escutcheon
and on Grant's in Sheridan's late military
achievements in the Shenandoah Valley.
If Marshal Turenne, as long before as
1674, had awakened the horror and protest
of Europe by laying waste the Palatinate,
the progress of humanity in 20 years
ought to have witnessed an amelioration
in hostile practices instead of a renewal
of an obsolete form of warfare. There
can be no excuse now for the consumption
or destruction in time of war of any-
thing but that which has relation to the
immediate needs of the armed victors or
to the immediate detriment of the armed
vanquished. To destroy crops, barns,
mills, instruments of husbandry in one
indiscriminate ruin as possibly helpful
to the enemy is inhuman from the pres-
ent standpoint of civilization. Sheridan
executed some of it with barbaric ruth-
lessness."

Some idea of the pitiless and wanton
devastation wrought in the valley may be
gathered from the report of a committee
appointed just after the close of hostilities
by the County Court of Rockingham
to estimate the havoc inflicted on the
property of noncombatants under Sheri-
dan's orders in that county alone: "Dwell-
ings burned, 30; barns burned, 40; mills
burned, 31; fences destroyed (crops), 100;
bushes and wheat destroyed, 100,000; but-
tles of corn destroyed, 50,000; tons of hay
destroyed, 6,232; cattle carried off, 1,750;
horses and hogs carried off, 3,350; factories
burned, 3; furnace burned, 1. In addition,
there was an immense amount of farm-
ing utensils of every description destroyed,
also household and kitchen furniture, and
money, bonds, plate, &c., pillaged."

How It Came About.
From the Cleveland Leader.
"How do you come to be bald?" asked
the inquisitive stranger.
"Well," hesitated the grave-looking
man, "will you promise not to let it go
beyond you? Enough—your face shows
your secretive nature. At an early age—I
was not more than twenty-two then—my
hair came out. By the way, what makes
your nose so red?"

Censorship of Brides.
From the Albany Journal.
The military authorities in Russia ex-
ercise almost as keen a supervision over
the marriages of officers as do the courts
and chancelleries of Europe over the nu-
tials of the sons and daughters of the
reigning house. It long has been a stand-
ing order that no officer in the Russian
army may marry until he is twenty-three,
and that his bride must possess means
of her own as well as good social posi-
tion. Recently steps have been taken to
make these general qualifications on the
part of the bride more specific. Where
the eager bridegroom holds a captaincy
or any other higher rank, all details
as to the bride and her family have to
be laid before the colonel of the regiment,
and unless the young woman meets his
approval the engagement must be broken
off. In the case of subalterns, a court of
honor, composed of officers of the regi-
ment, sits in judgment of the bride, and
even if their verdict is favorable they
can do no more than report to that effect
to the colonel, in whose hands there still
rests a final power of veto.

Platonic Love.
From Puck.
Platonic Love is a device by means of
which squeamish people are brought in
out of the wet, so to speak. Love (the
old and original) long ago perceived the
difficulty, and had an image of himself
made of putty, calling it Platonic Love.
Nobody, of course, is afraid of putty,
and squeamish people quite readily took
Platonic Love to their bosoms.

But the end was not yet. When Love
(the old and original) deemed the time
ripe, he quietly insinuated himself into
the place of the putty image, and behold,
none knew the difference!

And so the world goes round as well
for squeamish people as for others.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Graft and Reform.
A Judge in New York intimates that 49
per cent of all the money appropriated
for public use in that city brings no re-
turns, but represents absolute graft. In
Montreal, a judicial investigation covering
several years fixed the loss through dis-
honest officials and contractors at 25 per
cent. These are not figures to cause de-
spair. The time is also one of marked
movements against graft, when big and
little thieves are being sent to prison.

This is a better age, the pessimists should
reflect, than that of feudalism. Popular
government is not a failure because it
involves incessant warfare against dis-
honesty. It would be folly to despair of
liberty because its price is eternal vigil-
ance. The nature of man may remain
about the same, but the movement for
better government is based upon better
conditions surrounding weak human na-
ture, such as it is, and opportunity to prosper
honestly and the increase of direct re-
sponsibility of those in places of public
trust.

The Literary Output.
The last year witnessed an exceptional
production of books in the United States.
The output of novels was unprecedented.
It would appear that the art of novel
writing grows easier with practice, and
the field attracts many writers am-
bitions for fame or money. At the same
time, the year saw the publication of
many excellent biographies, histories,
books of travel and exploration, essays,
and works of gentle philosophy. The
playwrights also worked overtime and
broke all records, but few were called to
the footlights, and still fewer were
chosen. But this is not at all surpris-
ing, as the field of drama is so difficult
than novel writing, and if a year
gives us three or four plays of merit,
there's ample cause for thanksgiving.
However, even in matters dramatic the
year has "reported progress" and empha-
sized wholesome tendencies.

The King's Wines.
King Edward has banished sherry from
his table, and as a result its use has
decreased in imitative England. The
King found that he had reached the
age when light wines are advisable
for health's sake, and he neither wished
to oblige himself nor his guests to par-
take of even the smoothest, mellowest
sherry. Among some facts concerning
the wines served at his sovereign's table,
recently related by the head butler in
charge of the department at Buckingham
Palace, is that visitors often go over the
Palace, and on one occasion after he had
told the history of a certain almost
priceless claret to a foreign royalty who
was inspecting the wines, the latter ex-
claimed with a laugh: "Why, wine like
that ought to be in a museum."

Where the Ark Landed.
The landing place of Noah is believed
to have been on the top of Jebel Judi,
a mountain in Mesopotamia. On its top is
a large sanctuary, where every year in
August is held a great feast, attended by
thousands of energetic Moslems, Chris-
tians, and Yezids, who climb the steepest
of trails for 7,000 feet, in the terrific sum-
mer's heat, to do homage to Noah. This
mountain seems to have been held sacred
at all times, and certainly it has a won-
derfully awesome fascination about it,
with its huge precipices and jagged, tan-
gled crags watching over the vast plain.
The local villagers can show one the
exact spot where Noah descended, while
in one village, the Hassana, they showed
his grave, and the vineyard where he is
reported to have indulged overrely in the
juice of the grape. The owner of this
declared that the vines have been passed
from father to son ever since.

Aerial Coolness.
A German scientist, Dr. Hergesell, has
been investigating temperatures in the
tropics. His experiments were conducted
on the island of Jamaica, at a point where
climatic conditions are not materially dif-
ferent from those at Colon. He found
that thermometer balloons at a height of
slightly less than 60,000 feet registered
a temperature of 31 degrees below zero,
centigrade—the equivalent of about 112
degrees below the zero of the Fahrenheit
scale. At the height of 30,000 feet the at-
tached temperatures were lower than those
that have been obtained at similar
altitudes north of the arctic circle. In
other words, as far as temperatures are
concerned, the dweller at or near "the
line" need not put a girdle one-fourth of
the way round the earth to be as cold as
he chooses; he may soar in a few hours
emphatic flight into "a hard, cold, bit-
terness of cold," where he may get the chil-
blains or even freeze to death if he does
not take precautions.

How It Came About.
From the Cleveland Leader.
"How do you come to be bald?" asked
the inquisitive stranger.
"Well," hesitated the grave-looking
man, "will you promise not to let it go
beyond you? Enough—your face shows
your secretive nature. At an early age—I
was not more than twenty-two then—my
hair came out. By the way, what makes
your nose so red?"

Censorship of Brides.
From the Albany Journal.
The military authorities in Russia ex-
ercise almost as keen a supervision over
the marriages of officers as do the courts
and chancelleries of Europe over the nu-
tials of the sons and daughters of the
reigning house. It long has been a stand-
ing order that no officer in the Russian
army may marry until he is twenty-three,
and that his bride must possess means
of her own as well as good social posi-
tion. Recently steps have been taken to
make these general qualifications on the
part of the bride more specific. Where
the eager bridegroom holds a captaincy
or any other higher rank, all details
as to the bride and her family have to
be laid before the colonel of the regiment,
and unless the young woman meets his
approval the engagement must be broken
off. In the case of subalterns, a court of
honor, composed of officers of the regi-
ment, sits in judgment of the bride, and
even if their verdict is favorable they
can do no more than report to that effect
to the colonel, in whose hands there still
rests a final power of veto.

Platonic Love.
From Puck.
Platonic Love is a device by means of
which squeamish people are brought in
out of the wet, so to speak. Love (the
old and original) long ago perceived the
difficulty, and had an image of himself
made of putty, calling it Platonic Love.
Nobody, of course, is afraid of putty,
and squeamish people quite readily took
Platonic Love to their bosoms.